THE POEMS OF AROUET.

THE POEMS OF AROUET.

VOS QUOQUE QUI FORTES ANIMOS, BELLOQUE PEREMPTOS——
LAUDIBUS IN LONGUM, VATES DIFFUNDITIS CEVUM
PLURIMA SECURI FUDISTIS CARMINA BARDI.

LUCAN.

AND YOU YE BARDS, WHOM SACRED RAPTURES FIRE,
TO CHANT YOUR HEROES TO YOUR COUNTRY'S LYRE;
WHO CONSECRATE, IN YOUR IMMORTAL STRAIN,
BRAVE PATRIOT SOULS, IN RIGHTEOUS BATTLE SLAIN:
SECURELY NOW THE USEFUL TASK PURSUE,
AND NOBLEST THEMES IN DEATHLESS SONGS RENEW.

ROWE.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA:

PRINTED BY BOWEN AND MARKLAND, NO. 53, CHURCH-STREET, AND NO. 11, ELLIOT-STREET. 1786.

43.
7. 6.
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TO

AMERICAN POSTERITY;

THESE,

THE

POEMS

OF

THEIR BARD,

ARE

DEDICATED AND INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITORS.

PREFACE.

SOME unforeſeen obſtacles have hitherto delayed the publication of theſe Poems ——They are now removed, and the Editors are happy that it is in their power at preſent to fulfil their engagements with the public.

A long indiſpoſition of the Author, has not only retarded the publication, but deprived his readers of many pieces which would have made no invaluable addition to this Miſcellany ——He has promiſed, however, to make ample amends for this circumſtance, as ſoon as the ſituation of his health will admit.

Many things in this collection are mere *Juvenilia*—They appear to have been haſtily written, and deſtitute of Limæ labour. It is certain, that genius and preciſion are ſeldom united: and where correctneſs was never ſtudied, but little can be expected.——The man who diſcovers a vein of fine gold, will ſeldom find fault with the ruggedneſs of the ore.

The Shield of Achilles was not tranſlated with the view of rivalling Mr. Pope's inimitable verſion——but it was (as the author has given

given us to believe) the amuſement of a very tender age; as were many other productions contained in this volume. To the Shield of Achilles, one or two curious notes have been ſubjoined by the author.

To conclude; let all thoſe who doubt the divinity of our youthful bard, carefully attend to his writings: if they diſcover rhyme without reaſon, and ſound without ſentiment, let them infer, that born for oblivion, theſe Poems will aſſuredly periſh; but if abſtracted from the ſtudied harmony of language, they reſt on real merit, the good-natured critic will pronounce them at leaſt tolerable.——The Rhymer and the Poet are eaſily diſtinguiſhed ——The true Poet, according to Mr. Pope,

Is he who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And ſnatch me o'er the ſea, and thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

THE EDITORS.

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THE PROSPECT OF AMERICA: A POEM.

Columba, hail!——fair riſing to the eye,
'Midſt the warm ſun-ſhine of the weſtern ſky;
Thy fertile coaſts, with rich luxuriance crown'd,
Where the blue Ocean rolls his waves around;
Thy vales, which Summer ſpreads his fragrance o'er,
While the ſoft zephyrs waft it from the ſhore;
Thy riſing hills, afar by ſtrangers ſeen;
Thy ſpreading glades, thy fields forever green;
Thy crowded cities, length'ning round the coaſt,
And thoſe deep foreſts, where the eye is loſt
With beauteous grandeur mingling in the ſight;
All theſe conſpire to give the ſoul delight.

TO THE

SECOND FABIUS,

HIS EXCELLENCY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ.

THE

PROSPECT OF *AMERICA*,

IS,

(WITH SINGULAR PROPRIETY)

INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

" For fame, with pains we gain, but loſe with eaſe;
" Sure, ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe:
" 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
" By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone."

WHEN a writer firſt ſteps into the world, ignorant of its ways and manners, and totally unacquainted with that uſage the children of Apollo ſo often experience——glowing with the fire of genius, and impelled by that vanity (inſeperable from authorſhip) he imagines, that the world has nothing elſe to do, but read and applaud his productions; but, alas! Diſappointment is the lot of humanity; and with what juſtice may the Bard frequently complain of the neglect of merit, the malevolence of critics, and the depravity of taſte in general.

Fore-warned

Fore-warned, fore-armed, the author of "THE PROSPECT OF AMERICA," as young in authorſhip, as any who loiter round Parnaſſus, and who has ſeldom experienced either good or ill from the world of poetry or criticiſm, is, notwithſtanding, aware of the conſequences which muſt reſult from a firſt appearance in the republic of letters. From attentively revolving in his mind the fate of multitudes of his predeceſſors, he is induced to preſerve in memory that beatific maxim left us by a celebrated writer: "BLESSED IS "HE WHO EXPECTETH NOTHING, FOR HE "SHALL NEVER BE DISAPPOINTED."

THE PROSPECT OF AMERICA.

INSCRIBED TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BOOK I.

HAIL, fair Columba! dearer to my eyes,
Than all the pomp the eaſtern world ſupplies;
Warm from the conqueſt of thy hardy foes,
'Tis thine at length, dear land, to taſte repoſe.
Hail, fair Columba! whoſe immortal fame,
Thro' the wide earth, already ſpreads thy name:
Nations ſhall own, and envy as they praiſe,
The Roman grandeur, dazzled by thy rays.
Hail, fair Columba! where no clanking chains,
No plaints are heard, no gloomy tyrant reigns;

Where

Where won'dring nations, with amaze behold
Thy ſons in virtue, as in manners bold;
Where heaven-born freedom (ſmiles upon her brow)
Chears the tir'd lab'rer, at the toilſome plough;
While thy firm ſon, who threſh'd his well-earn'd wheat,
In peace and ſafety ſhares the homely treat;
With conſcious freedom cultivates his farm,
And thanks his God, that none can do him harm.
Soft gentle reſt the weary lab'rer craves,
When the ſun trembles o'er the weſtern waves.
Firſt from the team, the toiling cattle freed,
Or rove in freedom, or in plenty feed;
The faithful oxen, labour not in vain,
Lo! *Buck* and *Stirling* ſhare their well-earn'd grain.
See, from his toil, the wearied maſter hie
To yon low cot, which courts the trav'ler's eye;
With tardy ſtep, he leaves the much lov'd field,
Which many a year his hardy hands hath till'd;
For which, full many a day, with heart elate,
He roſe ſo early, and return'd ſo late.
" In homely guiſe," but richer far than gold,
At the wide door, his much-lov'd wife behold:
With heart-felt warmth, which might a grace become,
She bids the good man hearty welcome home;
Then ſpreads before him what her ſtores afford,
Cold beef and brown bread, crown the healthy board:
While round their Father, from their ſight ſo long,
With eager haſte the little prattlers throng,

With antic geſtures, and with wanton glee,
Hang on his coat, and fondle on his knee;
With many a little tale, they draw the ſmile,
And court his looks with many a playful wile.
  Behold him now, with calm unanxious breaſt,
Sink in ſoft ſlumbers on the bed of reſt;
Her ſilent ſhade, the night around him throws,
And lulls his mind to undiſturb'd repoſe,
Till far away, the dark'ning ſhadows fly,
And the bright morning reddens in the ſky;
He hails, with cheary ſong, the beauteous ray,
Glad to reſume the labours of the day;
Freſh from his couch, to wonted toil he ſprings,
Friend to no tyrants, envious of no kings.
  Such men, O Britain! once upon the field,
Bore down whole ranks, and made the mighty yield.
Have you forgot, when tow'ring on the plain
They came! thro' blood, o'er mountain-heaps of ſlain?
Ah, no! your widow's tears, your orphan's groans,
Shall tell the ſtory to your future ſons:
Your future ſons, their fathers yet unborn,
Shall rue the riſing of the fatal morn,
When firſt provok'd to deeds of endleſs fame,
Warm from the plough, each hardy warrior came,
Snatch'd his known muſket, join'd his corps, and ſoon
Reap'd the thick harveſt of deſerv'd renown.
  Behold our chieftains, bending from the field,
To ſpots paternal, which their hands had till'd:

There

There the great warriors, who—(tho' ſtrange it ſeem)
Directed armies—now direct their team:
Once march'd to glory o'er the field, and now
With equal grandeur march—behind the plough.
So once in Rome, great Cincinnatus roſe,
And pour'd the ſtorm of vengeance on her foes;
Towr'd on the plain (while terror flew before)
And bade the thunder of the battle roar;
Then, tir'd with conqueſt, but with laurel crown'd,
Sought his lov'd fields, and till'd his ſtubborn ground.
Now brighter ſuns illume our ſmiling plains,
Where Peace reſides, where Independence reigns.
Hail, Peace! thou witneſs of our happieſt days:
Hail, heavenly-born! to thee we tune the lays.
No more grim War, the frighted land alarms
With ſcenes of ſlaughter, or the claſh of arms;
Whilſt thou and freedom, with returning flight,
Burſt in full radiance on our raptur'd ſight.
No lovely youth now bleeds upon the plain,
The rev'rend ſire lamenting o'er the ſlain;
For him *no more* maternal ſorrows flow,
Nor more the virgin ſighs her boſom woe:
For God commands the rage of war to ceaſe,
And ſends us bleſſings in the form of peace.
Unſhook by arms, unhurt by warring bands,
Firm as the heavens, our Independence ſtands;
From ſtubborn conteſt ſprings Columba's fame,
And the earth labours with the mighty name.
To thoſe from whom (next heaven) ſuch bleſſings flow,
Their loud applauſe whole millions ſhall beſtow:

Their

Their unborn ſons, at many a diſtant date,
Shall hail the men who dar'd defend the ſtate;
In glowing luſtre ſhall their glories laſt,
Each age ſtill adding to the ages paſt:
Beyond that day when nature ſinks in flames,
The ſkies ſhall glitter with their glorious names.

Long ſhall thy land with grateful ardor own
Thy worth, O HANCOCK! * Freedom's genuine ſon:
Firſt in the council, eloquent and wiſe,
To ſave thy country, we beheld thee riſe:
With what ſmooth flow, thy copious accents winde
Thro' the warm'd heart, and bear away the mind.
How roſe the patriots, reſolute and bold;
How ſhook the ſenate, when thy periods roll'd:
Thick on the field they ſtood, in dire diſplay,
Whilſt thou, great chieftain, led the glorious way.
With thee, an early candidate for fame,
Thy firm colleague aſſerts the rightful claim;
Dear to remembrance, when all time is paſt,
The name of ADAMS ſhall forever laſt.

When firſt with rapid courſe, like ſpreading flame,
O'er all our coaſts the ſons of Britain came,
His country ſaw their much-lov'd WARD † ariſe,
Bold was his manner and his ſoul was wiſe.

Thee

* Hancock and Adams, the two proſcribed American Patriots.

† Ward, Hopkins and Elery, the three firſt delegates from the ſtate of Rhode-Iſland.

Thee too, great HOPKINS, heaven-born freedom fir'd,
And all the genius of thy land inſpir'd.
Then with heart-feeling warmth, with power divine,
To rouſe the ſoul, O ELERY! was thine;
When ſtrong and clear thy elocution flows,
The ear is raptur'd, and the boſom glows.
From men like theſe, with glorious ardour warm'd,
Sprung the firſt Senates which Columba form'd,
When Freedom's children fann'd the riſing flame,
And diſtant lands reſounded to their fame.
While juſtice rules, while love of freedom charms,
While greatneſs dazzles, and while glory warms;
How can each bard unfiniſhed, quit the lore,
That ſhines with names for ages to adore?
Amid ſuch themes, the patriot ſoul diſdains
The trivial lay, and the ignoble ſtrains.
RUTLEDGE! * to thee ſuch honors all belong,
Hiſtoric honors, and the poet's ſong:
Th' immortal page to lateſt times ſhall tell,
How great, how glorious, and belov'd how well.
Full oft the ſenate of Columba's choice,
Has claim'd thy wiſdom, and thy patriot voice:
And oft thy wiſdom in event was ſeen,
To guide the movements of the great machine.
When o'er thy land invaſive Britain ſpread,
With deeds of blood, and deſolation dread;
While all the firmneſs of thy ſoul was try'd,
Thy country's genius triumph'd at thy ſide:

She

* J. Rutledge, Eſq. of South-Carolina.

She ſaw thee, chief, in all thy greatneſs ſhine,
And doom'd the honors of the patriot thine;
Intwin'd the wreath of glory for thy brow,
And bade to thee, ſucceeding laurels grow;
That while the Bards ſhall of thy country tell,
Who greatly conquer'd, and *who* bravely fell,
They'll ſing, diſtinguiſh'd, from the train approv'd,
RUTLEDGE the great, the honor'd, and belov'd.

Long live the man in early conteſt found,
Who ſpoke his heart, when daſtards trembled round;
Who, fir'd with more than Greek or Roman rage,
Flaſh'd truth on tyrants from his manly page:
Immortal PAYNE, whoſe *Pen* ſurpoiſ'd we ſaw,
Could faſhion empires, while it kindled war——
When firſt with awful pow'r to cruſh the foes,
All bright in glitt'ring arms, Columba roſe;
From thee our ſons the glorious mandate took,
As if from heaven ſome oracle had ſpoke;
And when thy pen reveal'd the grand deſign,
'TWAS DONE, Columba's liberty was thine.

Great WASHINGTON! thy ſounding fame inſpires
The heaven-rapt Bard, with more than human fires:
Come, like THYSELF, with all the dazzling rays
Of glory crown'd, thou faireſt child of praiſe:
O! Come! as when victorious on the plain,
The vanquiſh'd legions trembled in thy train;
When thro' the earth thy bright'ning ſplendor ſhone,
And glad Columba hail'd her conq'ring ſon.

Britannia firſt, in ſwarmy numbers proud,
Frown'd on the hill-tops like a blacken'd cloud;
Then we beheld thee, glorious Chief—thy arm
Swept the thick ranks, and ſhook the battle ſtorm:
While thy firm ſquadrons, thro' the curling gloom,
In ſteady thunders pour'd Britannia's doom.
As when o'er guilty heads, JEHOVAH forms
Black ſheets of vengeance, and impending ſtorms,
The power of heaven his whole creation ſhrouds,
In ſable horror, and a night of clouds;
Lo! ſwift as thought, the angry flaſhes fly,
Red flames and darkneſs mingling in the ſky:
Terrific contraſt! while with deepen'd ſound
The thunder ſpeaks!—loud, awful, and profound:
Heaven's choſen fav'rites tremble at the ſign,
And guilty wretches fly the wrath divine.
Thus where thy arm the ſtorm of battle ſpread,
Trembling and pale the adverſe legions fled;
Nor all eſcap'd—for numb'ring with the ſlain,
What mighty warriors preſt the ſanguine plain:
Unhappy youths! deſtin'd to view no more
The whit'ning proſpect of fair Albion's ſhore;
No more from fighting fields the warriors come,
For fate denies to view their natal home.
As broad black billows, boiling from the deep,
Burſt in deſtruction on the ſhatter'd ſhip,
When roaring north the foamy ſurge deforms,
And rolls dread ruin from an hundred ſtorms;
Such, and ſo dreadful, o'er th' aſtoniſhed foes,
Burſt the red vengeance, when thy wrath aroſe.

To

To thee, great Chieftain, now far lovelier pours
The ſoft ſmooth ſound, where no rough torrent roars.
From ſcenes of ſlaughter, where the echoing heath
Is ſhook with battle, and is fill'd with death;
From ſhouting bands, tumultuous in applauſe;
From wondring ſtates, ambitious of thy laws,
Thou turn'ſt.—What chief could (O Columba!) ſhine,
With all the heaven-born dignity of thine?
Once more to thy fair ſeats we view thee come,
While each pleaſ'd neighbour gratulates thee home:
On graſs-green Vernon lovelier beams the morn,
And glad Potowmack murmurs thy return.
ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF! amidſt thy ſweet retreat,
May'ſt thou live happy, as thou'rt good and great:
While yet thou view'ſt, with tranſport in thy eyes,
Thy darling land, in full orb'd glory riſe;
While no dark tyrant o'er Columba frowns,
But glorious freedom ev'ry bleſſing crowns,
While raptur'd ſtates in gratitude beſtow
Their thanks, for bleſſings, which to thee they owe.
No more thy bands their WASHINGTON implore,
Thy reſcu'd country calls to arms no more;
But ſmiling heaven has lull'd thy cares to reſt,
And calm'd, with lenient hand, thy troubled breaſt:
'Midſt ſweet retirement, bids thy labours ceaſe,
And gild's the evening of thy day with peace.
In halcyon flow, and ſmooth as ſummer ſeas,
Thy hours ſhall paſs in philoſophic eaſe,
Till time ſhall gently beck thee from the ſtage,
In the mild mellow of a ripe old age;

Britannia firſt, in ſwarmy numbers proud,
Frown'd on the hill-tops like a blacken'd cloud;
Then we beheld thee, glorious Chief—thy arm
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No more from fighting fields the warriors come,
For fate denies to view their natal home.
As broad black billows, boiling from the deep,
Burſt in deſtruction on the ſhatter'd ſhip,
When roaring north the foamy ſurge deforms,
And rolls dread ruin from an hundred ſtorms;
Such, and ſo dreadful, o'er th' aſtoniſhed foes,
Burſt the red vengeance, when thy wrath aroſe.

To

To thee, great Chieftain, now far lovelier pours
The ſoft ſmooth ſound, where no rough torrent roars.
From ſcenes of ſlaughter, where the echoing heath
Is ſhook with battle, and is fill'd with death;
From ſhouting bands, tumultuous in applauſe;
From wondring ſtates, ambitious of thy laws,
Thou turn'ſt.—What chief could (O Columba!) ſhine,
With all the heaven-born dignity of thine?
Once more to thy fair ſeats we view thee come,
While each pleaſ'd neighbour gratulates thee home:
On graſs-green Vernon lovelier beams the morn,
And glad Potowmack murmurs thy return.
Illustrious Chief! amidſt thy ſweet retreat,
May'ſt thou live happy, as thou'rt good and great:
While yet thou view'ſt, with tranſport in thy eyes,
Thy darling land, in full orb'd glory riſe;
While no dark tyrant o'er Columba frowns,
But glorious freedom ev'ry bleſſing crowns,
While raptur'd ſtates in gratitude beſtow
Their thanks, for bleſſings, which to thee they owe.
No more thy bands their Washington implore,
Thy reſcu'd country calls to arms no more;
But ſmiling heaven has lull'd thy cares to reſt,
And calm'd, with lenient hand, thy troubled breaſt:
'Midſt ſweet retirement, bids thy labours ceaſe,
And gild's the evening of thy day with peace.
In halcyon flow, and ſmooth as ſummer ſeas,
Thy hours ſhall paſs in philoſophic eaſe,
Till time ſhall gently beck thee from the ſtage,
In the mild mellow of a ripe old age;

And many an eye ſhall ſtart the guſhing tear,
While thy lov'd country holds thy mem'ry dear.
Nor ſhall thou mourn in Alexandrian lays, *
Thou hadſt no HOMER to record thy praiſe:
For many a Bard of ages yet unborn,
Shall, with thy name, the tuneful lays adorn;
In laſting archives ſhall thy glories reſt,
Engrav'd forever in each grateful breaſt;
In ev'ry heart thy monument be known,
With this inſcription: "HERE IS WASHINGTON."
To thee, O GREENE! each muſe her tribute pays;
Great Chieftain! crown'd with never-fading bays:
Thy worth thy country, ever grateful, owns
Her firſt of warriors, and her beſt of ſons.
Hail, PUTNAM! † hail, thou venerable name!
Tho' dark oblivion threats thy mighty fame,
In vain it threats—for long ſhalt thou be known,
Who firſt in virtue, and in battle ſhone,
When four-ſcore years had blanch'd thy laurell'd head,
Strong in thine age, the flame of wrath was ſpread.
Behold what names Fame's ſwelling liſt adorn!
Great glorious names, for age eternal born.

There

* It was a well known lamentation of Alexander the Great, that he was deſtitute of a Homer to celebrate his actions.

† The brave Putnam ſeems to have been almoſt obſcured amidſt the glare of ſucceeding worthies; but his early and gallant ſervices, entitle him to an everlaſting remembrance.

There GATES, there WAYNE, there LINCOLN ſtand enroll'd,
And FLEURY glitters there in letter'd gold.
To theſe Columba at the lateſt day,
The debt of heart-felt gratitude ſhall pay:
They once in hours of gloomy danger roſe,
Towr'd on her fields, and cruſh'd her ſtubborn foes:
Now to their country ends their great deſign,
In heaven-born peace, and liberty divine.
What forms * are they, which flit along the glades
With ſilent ſweep?——What viſionary ſhades?
Ah! ſee them move, the brave, the bleeding train
Of glorious men, in fields of battle ſlain.
There was thy wound, Columba——ſtill to thee,
In mem'ry dear, thy martyr'd ſons ſhall be;
Their names, their fates, remoteſt ages hear,
While virtue ſheds the ſympathiſing tear.
See yonder ghoſt, whoſe palid face out-vies
The white moon, glimm'ring in the eaſtern ſkies:
His ſhadowy arms! His mantle like the ſnows!
His wounded breaſt, whence ſeeming crimſon flows:
He was the firſt who gain'd the martyr's fame;
Say, who has heard not mighty WARREN's name?
There flits great MERCER's ſhade, and here is known
The much lov'd YEATES,—fair freedom's genuine ſon.
But who emerges from yon gloomy cloud,
With bleeding boſom crimſoning his ſhroud?

* The poet beholds paſſing before him, the ghoſts of thoſe brave men who fell in the American conteſt.

'Tis he! In all the pomp of death diſplay'd,
MONTGOMERY *comes*!——behold the mighty ſhade.
Greater than life, while never to divide,
Lo! WOLFE, immortal WOLFE, attends his ſide.
M'PHERSON's too! and (who can tears refrain?)
See!—gentle CHEESEMAN glides along the plain.
Hail! warrior ſhades! whoſe awful tombs are found
On *Abram's Plain*, that conſecrated ground.
Hail! ye great chieftains! who, amidſt the roar
Of thund'ring cannon, lav'd the field in gore:
Still ſhall your mem'ry wake the tender tear,
Dear to your country, to whole nations dear:
Columba's bard, ſmit with the heaven-born flame,
To lateſt times perpetuates your name;
While heaven's firſt angel bids your glories riſe,
And prints them deathleſs in your native ſkies.
But ye, great worthies, genuine ſons of praiſe,
Whoſe patriot virtues claim immortal lays;
Blame not the poet, if his much-lov'd ſong
Nor bears the glory of your deeds along;
For ſhould he ſtrive to ſound each mighty name,
With which his country ſwells the liſt of fame,
'Midſt the vaſt labour of the arduous tale,
His time, his numbers, and his verſe would fail.
Columba, Hail! fair riſing to the eyes,
'Midſt the warm ſun-ſhine of the weſtern ſkies:
Thy fruitful coaſts, with rich luxuriance crown'd,
Where the blue ocean rolls his waves around:
Thy vales, which ſummer ſpreads his fragrance o'er,
While the ſoft zephyrs waft it from the ſhore:

Thy

Thy verdant hills, afar by ſtrangers ſeen;
Thy ſpreading glades, thy fields forever green;
Thy riſing cities, length'ning round the coaſt,
And thoſe deep foreſts, where the eye is loſt
With beauteous grandeur mingling in the ſight;
All theſe conſpire to give the ſoul delight.
To thy warm plains, the northern ſubject flies
From the cold pinching of inclement ſkies;
While India's children, from her ſun-burnt glades,
Seek cool retirement in thy happier ſhades.
The man of wealth, whoſe gather'd ſtores exceed
The happy ſums ten thouſand wretches need,
Surveys the proſpect, beauteous all and fair,
And leaves his native for Columba's air;
While the poor wretch, by pallid hunger nurſt,
Worn down by labour, and by taxes curſt,
From lands where famine or a tyrant reigns,
Comes, and is happy on thy lovelier plains.
See thy bleſt ſons in ev'ry ſhape renown'd,
Some tend the flocks, while others till the ground;
Some ſhear the ſheep, and fleece on fleece they ſpread,
From whence the matron ſpins the length'ning thread;
While the lone lab'rer thro' the foreſt hies,
And fells thoſe woods which ſoon in fleets muſt riſe.
Nor in rude arts thy ſons excel alone,
Are they not great in paths of ſcience known?
Do they not tread that ſpot the muſes love,
Thro' flow'ry mazes of the laurel grove?
Yes, fair Columba, ruſhing into day,
See where thy FRANKLIN points the glorious way;

Like

Like NEWTON ſkill'd, dark error to controul,
And pour bright knowledge on the enraptur'd ſoul.
See where the Sage all venerable ſtands,
Th' electric tube red glimm'ring in his hands.
Go, mighty Genius, where thy judgment ſpreads
The road to glory——where fair ſcience leads.
From yon black clouds, that low with tempeſts bend,
Compel the angry thunder to deſcend;
And as the light'ning flaſhes ſwift on high,
O! ſeize it glimm'ring from the darken'd ſky:
Then, like thyſelf, with flame envelop'd o'er,
While round thy brow thy thunders harmleſs roar,
Riſe greater ſtill——from tyrants ſnatch the rod,
And be the ſecond only to thy God.
Thou haſt—for lo! whence ſwelling oceans foam,
Fair to the view, commutual treaties come.
Thy wiſdom join'd the widely diff'ring powers,
And made ſweet Peace and Independence ours.
Thro' the calm breaſt what lov'd ideas roll,
What flowing periods elevate the ſoul,
When the great *Farmer*,* gen'rous, clear and ſtrong,
Bears the rais'd mind by magic power along.
Well known that pen, in ſmooth perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Which none but Freedom's DICKENSON can wield.
Behold great WINTHROP, ſtudious to explore
The myſtic page of philoſophic lore;
Nor ſtudious leſs to view that tome refin'd,
Which heaven, indulgent, opens to the mind.

There

* J. Dickenſon, Eſq. the celebrated author of the Farmer's Letters.

There WILLIAMSON purſues the mazy road,
And points thro' Nature's works, to Nature's God. * 375
There too great OLIVER, his page refines,
And vindicates the Omnipotent deſigns;
Shews the red comet, which thro' æther flames,
The ſovereign *Wiſdom* of its God proclaims.

Here

* This is the true end of philoſophy; here all her reſearches terminate.——What can be more *beautiful*, and at the ſame time more *juſt*, than the following paſſage from the immortal Fenelon:

"He diſcourſed with Mentor of the firſt cauſe which formed the heavens and the earth; of that infinite unchangeable light, which is communicated to all without being divided; of that ſovereign univerſal truth which illuminates all ſpirits, as the ſun illuminates all bodies. The man, added he, who has never ſeen this pure light, is as blind as one who is born blind; he paſſes his life in profound darkneſs, like the nations which the ſun enlightens not for many months in the year. He thinks himſelf wiſe, and is a fool; he thinks he ſees all things, and ſees nothing, and dies without having ſeen any thing: at moſt, he perceives but glimmering and falſe lights, vain ſhadows, and phantoms that have nothing of reality. Such is the condition of all who are carried away by the pleaſures of ſenſe, and the allurements of imagination. There are in the world no men really rational, except thoſe who conſult, who love, who obey this eternal reaſon. It is that which inſpires us with good thoughts; it is that which reproves us for our ill ones. We are indebted to it for our underſtanding, as well as for our lives; it is like a *great ocean of light*; our ſouls are like *rivulets* which flow from it, and return into, and are loſt in it again." How few are the philoſophers of the preſent age who realize ſuch noble ſentiments!

Here our lov'd poets tune the immortal lays,
While praiſe inſpires, for much they merit praiſe.
Hark! FRENEAU's voice attunes the ſolemn air,
He ſings to freedom, and he ſings of war;
With noble warmth, ſhews man created free,
" When GOD, from chaos, gave this world to be."
What plaintive ſong, what melancholy tale,
Rides on the breeze, and ſpreads upon the vale?
'Tis BARLOW's * ſtrain, which ſolemn pours along,
For HOSMER's dead, and ſadden'd is the ſong.
Here the fair volume ſhews the far ſpread name
Of wondrous WHEATLY, † *Afric's* heir to fame.
Well is it known what glowing genius ſhines,
What force of numbers, in her poliſh'd lines:
With magic power the grand deſcriptions roll
Thick on the mind, and agitate the ſoul. ‡
Such

* Mr. Joel Barlow, of Connecticut.———At the time when this was written, the author had only ſeen his Elegy on Judge Hoſmer, which contains much ſublimity.

† Phillis Wheatly, a negro, and the authoreſs of ſome ingenious poems, which ſeem to be entitled to a remembrance here, although not written by a native of America.

‡ We need only peruſe the following lines, extracted from her poems, to be convinced of this:

" When Homer paints, lo! circumfus'd in air,
" Celeſtial Gods, in mortal forms appear:
" Swift as they move, hear each receſs rebound,
" Earth quakes, heaven thunders, and the ſhores reſound.
" Great fire of verſe, before my mortal eyes
" The lightnings flaſh along the gloomy ſkies:
" And as the thunder ſhakes the heavenly plains,
" A deep-felt horror creeps thro' all my veins."

Such warmth of fancy, once a MAYLEM * fir'd,
Untaught he ſung, by all the muſe inſpir'd.
Near each fam'd city o'er the wide domain,
Where beauteous nature ſpreads the level plain,
Where healthy breezes ſpin the lengthen'd age,
The youthful ſtudent turns the claſſic page;
From noiſe retir'd, ſalubrious airs invite
The ſoul to knowledge——teeming with delight.
On ſuch fair ſpots, the trav'ler with ſurprize
Sees many a college in bright proſpect riſe:
There the learn'd youth the willing tribute pays,
To his lov'd ancients——"Bards of other days;"
There, taught the force of rolling Greek to join,
With the ſmooth poliſh'd *Ciceronian* line,
He ſtands for fame, and add a rival ſoon
To STILES, † to VARNUM, ‡ or to WITHERSPOON.
Rich in the knowledge of five thouſand years,
Lo! lovely fair philoſophy appears,

With

* John Maylem was a poet of genius, who lived not many years ſince. His productions bear every mark of a deficient education; but his genius roſe ſuperior to every inconvenience, and he remains a ſhining example of the Horatian maxim, that "*Poeta naſcitur non fit.*"

† The Rev. Ezra Stiles, D. D. and Preſident of Yale College, in Connecticut; a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed abilities, uniting the amiable qualities of a great philoſopher and moſt excellent divine.

‡ James M. Varnum, Eſq. an eminent attorney in the ſtate of Rhode-Iſland.

With ſmiles of joy, with pleaſure in her eyes,
Beholds her young Academy ariſe;
Complacent views ſocieties that join
In wiſdom's ſacred cauſe, and ſcience all divine.
Here kindly nature every bleſſing ſpreads
O'er the brown foreſts, and the flow'ry meads.
See yon tall pine which threatens to the ſky,
And muſt, ere long, thro' ſea-green ſurges fly,
Chang'd to a maſt, (for ſo the fates decree)
On ſome proud ſhip it rides the billowy ſea.
There towers the oak, for many a purpoſe good,
'Midſt all his pride, the monarch of the wood.
Here poplars riſe, and ever weeping there
In conſtant verdure, the balſamic fir.
Tall maples here their treaſur'd ſweets diſcloſe,
And there the poets much lov'd laurel grows;
With many a tree unknown to other ſkies,
And many a foreſt whence their navies riſe.
Hence ſwarming merchants o'er the briny floods,
In hollow ſhips ſhall bear the leafleſs woods;
And hence to diſtant climes they too ſhall bear
The well-ſpun cordage, and the unequall'd tar.
No more the loom of fair Hibernia groans
With the rich linen for Columba's ſons;
For native here, it emulates the ſnows,
And here the ſilk with native purple glows.
As the wide ſea, her refluent billows pours,
Now flows, now ebbs upon the ſounding ſhores;*
So

* Theſe lines, and ſome of the following, are tranſlated almoſt literally from the Archbiſhop of Cambray:

" Ainſi

So fair Columba's wayward merchants roam
To ev'ry port, from ev'ry port they come,
And wealthy nations pour the golden tide,
As waves on waves o'er ſea-green oceans ride;
While nothing enters, but for uſe deſign'd,
Lo! ev'ry export leaves its wealth behind.
'Midſt ſwarming nations heaven-born juſtice reigns
O'er the throng'd cities, and the buſy plains;
While ſmiling freedom, whence loud ſurges roar,
Invites fair commerce to her peaceful ſhore.

The ſwarthy merchant, here from eaſtern ſkies,
Whence from the deep the beams of morning riſe;
Or o'er the dark blue ſurge, whence Phœbus laves
His ſetting glory in the weſtern waves,
Receives delighted, what our country gives,
Where free—where happy, as at home he lives.

" Ainſi les peuple y accoururent bientôt en foule de toutes partes le commerce de cette ville étoit ſemblable au flux & reflux de la mer. Les Tréſors y entroient comme les Flats viennent l'un ſur l'autre. Tout y étoit apporté et en ſortoit librement: Tout ce qui y entroit, étoit utile; tout ce qui en ſortoit, laiſſoit en ſortant d'autres Richeſſes en ſa place. La Juſtice ſévére préſidoit dans le Port au milieu de tant de nations. La Franchiſe, la bonne-Foi, la candeur ſembloient Du haut de ces ſuperbes Tours appeller les Marchands, des Terres les plus éloignée: Chacun de ces Marchands, ſoit qui'l vînt des Rives orientales où le ſoleil ſort chaque Jour du ſein des Ondes, ſoit qui'l fût parte de cette grande Mer où le ſoleil laſſé de ſon cours va èteindre ſes Flux, vivoit paiſible & en ſureté dans ſalente comme dans ſa Patrie." *Telemaque, Liv.* xii.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

TO THE

PROSPECT OF *AMERICA.*

PAGE 8, VERSE 21 to 52.

The great author of Telemachus has a beautiful picture of rural ſimplicity, in his twelfth book; which though intended for far other times and nations than thoſe of America, is however not unſimilar to the above deſcription; which it greatly exceeds in beauty of colouring. The author of this Poem has but faintly ſketched the ſcene; but the great Fenelon had already given it the higheſt finiſh.

" Mean-time the mother, with the reſt of the family, prepares a plain repaſt for her huſband and her dear children againſt they return, fatigued with the toils of the day; ſhe milks her cows and her ſheep, which pour whole rivers into her pails; ſhe makes a good fire, about which the harmleſs family divert themſelves with ſinging every evening, till the time of ſoft repoſe; ſhe prepares cheeſes, cheſnuts, and preſerved fruits as freſh as if they were juſt gathered.

" The ſhepherd returns with his pipe, and ſings to the aſſembled family the new ſongs which he has learnt in the neighbouring hamlets. The huſbandman comes in with his plough, and his weary oxen advance, hanging down their heads, with a ſlow and tardy pace, notwithſtanding the good which urges them on. All the evils of labour end with the day. The poppies, which ſleep by the command of the gods, ſheds over the earth, ſooth all gloomy cares by their charms, and hold all nature in a ſweet enchantment; every one ſleeps without anticipating the cares of the morrow. How happy ſuch miſtruſtleſs, unambitious people!"

By

By way of contraſt to this deſcription, and to ſet it in the ſtrongeſt point of view, let the reader examine Spencer's account of the Cave of Care; it is too long to find a place here, but may be ſeen at the end of the fifth canto in the fourth book of the Fairy Queen.

Page 10, Verse 83.

At the cloſe of this addreſs to a man, to a commander, ſo greatly qualified, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, and ſo much the darling of his country, as the great Washington, permit me once more to diſplay my own want of ability, by giving the reader a deſcription far ſuperior to my own: it is taken from the Shi-king, a book of Chineſe poetry, and was written in praiſe of Ven Vang, a celebrated king of theirs.

"The Lord has ſaid to Ven Vang, I love virtue ſuch as yours, it is not forward, it is not haughty. You know your enemy, make head againſt him with all your forces; prepare your warlike machines, make ready your chariots, march to the deſtruction of the tyrant; chaſe him from the throne which he uſurps. Ye armed chariots, haſten not; ye lofty walls, tremble not: Ven Vang is not precipitant in his march; he breathes nothing in his anger but peace; he takes heaven to witneſs for the goodneſs of his heart; he is willing they ſhould ſubmit without fighting, and is ready to pardon the moſt criminal. Far from incurring any contempt by this lenity, he never appeared more amiable; but if they will not ſubmit to ſo many charms, his chariots will arrive with a mighty noiſe: In vain does the tyrant truſt to the height and ſtrength of his walls; Ven Vang attacks, fights, and ſubdues him: he deſtroys his cruel empire; and this juſtice is ſo far from rendering the conqueror odious, that the univerſe was never more diſpoſed to obey his laws." *Shi-king*, Ode iii.

PAGE 10, VERSE 85.

How beautifully does the muſe of Spencer deſcribe friendſhip, and how ſweetly does it accord with the above lines on peace, let every reader judge.

But when as alle might nought with them prevaile,
She ſmote them lightely with her powerfull wonde.
Thenne ſuddinly as yf theyre harts did faile,
Their wrathful blades downe fell out of theyre honde,
And they like men aſtoniſhed did ſtonde.
Thus while their minds were doubtfully diſtraught,
And mighty ſpirits bound with mightier bonde,
Her golden cup to them for drinke ſhe raught,
Whereof full glad for thirſt, each drunk an hearty draught.
Of which as ſoon as they once taſted had,
(Marvaille yt is that ſuddaine change to ſee!)
Inſtead of ſtrokes, each other kyſſed gladd;
And lovelie haulſt from feare of danger free;
And plighted hands forever frends to bee.
When all men ſawe thys ſuddain change of thyngs,
So mortal foe men kindlie to agree;
For might of joye that ſtrangeſt wonder brings,
They all 'gan ſhout aloud, that all the heaven ryngs.

Spencer's Fairy Queen.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

SWARAN

AND

CUCHULLIN.

THE

BATTLE

BETWEEN

SWARAN AND CUCHULLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM FINGAL.

AS from dark Cromla's * ſolitary ſteep,
The foam down ruſhes with impetuous ſweep,
When dark brown night is ſhadowing half the grove,
And thunder rolls all terribly above;

* As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down the echoing hills;
Ruſh to the vales, and pour along the plain,
Roar thro' a thouſand channels to the main.
Pope's Homer.

Aut ubi decurſu rapido de montibus altis,
Dant Sonitum ſpumoſi amnes, & in œquora currunt,
Quiſque ſuum populatus iter. *Virgil.*

So fierce, ſo vaſt, ſo terrible came on
The darken'd ſtrength of Erin's dreadful ſon;
Like ſome ſtrong whale the chieftain ruſh'd before,
While far behind the mountain billows roar,
He roll'd his might along the ſtormy main,
And pour'd forth valour like a ſtream of rain.

Like winter ſtreams, impetuous from afar,
The ſons of Lochlin heard the moving war:
Firſt Swaran call'd, and ſtruck his boſſy ſhield,
The ſon of Arno echo'd thro' the field:
"What, like the gather'd flies of ev'ning ſtill,
"Comes rolling onward from the diſtant hill?
"The * ſtormy ſons of Innisfail deſcend,
"Or ruſtling winds the gloomy foreſt rend:
"Thus wint'ry Gormal echoes thr'o the ſkies,
"E'er in white clouds the burſting billows riſe.
"Go, Arno's ſon, and from the mountain's head,
"View the dark valley whence the murmurs ſpread."

Trembling he went, and ſwiftly he return'd,
His eyes roll'd wild, and in their ſockets burn'd;
Slow, weak, and broken were his words expreſt,
His heart beat high, and labour'd in his breaſt.

Riſe, ſon of Ocean, view the fields——
Ariſe, thou chief of dark-brown ſhields;
For ſee——deep moving from afar,
The dark——the mountain ſtream of war——

The

* As when the hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring wind.

Milton

The car——the car invades the heath——
The rapid car of gloomy death:
Behold it comes all dreadful on——
Cuchullin's car——old Semo's ſon
Like Ocean's wave behind it bends,
As golden miſt the heath aſcends;
The ſtone-boſs'd ſides ſhed ſparkling light,
Like ſeas around the boat of night;
The beam of poliſh'd yew diſplay'd,
The ſeat of ſmootheſt ivory made;
The ſides with glittering ſpears are crown'd,
And heroes preſs the bottom round.
Full on the right with rapid courſe,
Behold the proudly ſnorting horſe,
Son of the hill (a gen'rous breed)
High-leaping, ſtrong, broad-breaſted ſteed;
His hoof, with loudly-echoing ſound,
All dreadful thunders o'er the ground;
Above him ſpreads the flowing mane,
As ſtreams the ſmoke on yonder plain;
His ſides reflect a beamy flame,
And Sulin-Fadda is his name.
Full on the left to deeds of war,
Duſronnel hurls the rapid car;
The lofty, bounding, thin-man'd horſe,
Strong hoof'd, and matchleſs in the courſe.
A thouſand thongs the car intwine,
In foam the poliſh'd bridles ſhine;
The thongs which gems bright-ſtudded deck,
Bend o'er each courſer's ſtately neck;

The courſers——who with ſlacken'd reins,
Like miſt fly o'er the ſtreamy plains;
No deer more rapid, wild than they,
No eagle ſtronger on her prey;
Like winter blaſts their echoes ſpread,
Which roar from Gormal's ſnowy head.
And ſee the chief within the car,
The ſtrong tempeſtuous ſon of war;
'Midſt claſhing arms Cuchullin dwells,
Old Semo's ſon, the king of Shells:
His ruddy viſage, to the view,
Shines like my brightly-poliſh'd yew;
Beneath his brow with darken'd mien,
The wide, blue-rolling eye is ſeen.
As bending on he ſhakes his ſpear,
Behind him ſpreads his flamy hair;
Fly king of Ocean, fly; like death
He comes along the ſtreamy heath.
" When did I fly!" the ſtormy king reply'd,
" From many ſpears that battled at my ſide?
" When, ſon of Arno, from the loud affray
" Did I retire? thou coward chieftain ſay:
" Dark Gormal's ſtorm I met; my waves foam'd high,
" Loud rag'd the heavens, but Swaran did not fly;
" Nor ſhall he fly——tho' Fingal's ſelf were here,
" The ſoul of Swaran could not yield to fear——
" Riſe to the war my thouſands, croud the plain,
" And pour around me like the echoing main;
" Round the bright ſteel of gloomy Swaran ſtand,
" Strong as the rocks, the mountains of my land,

" That

" That meet with joy, the ſtorms which round them
" pour,
" And ſtretch their dark woods to the tempeſt's
" roar."

As from two hills loud thund'ring to the deep,
The darken'd ſtorms of gloomy Autumn ſweep,
So fierce, ſo dreadful o'er the field of fame,
In ſwift approach the gloomy warriors came:
As from high rocks two ſtreams of gloomy rain,
Meet, mix and foam, and roar upon the plain,
Loud, rough and dark th' embattled chiefs appear;
There Innisfail, * tremendous Lochlin here:
On clanging ſteel, the clanging ſteel reſounds,
Men mix with men, and chieftain chieftain wounds;
Burſts forth the guſhing blood, and ſmokes around,
And iron helmets cleft on high reſound;

Along

* The reader may compare this paſſage of Oſſian, with a ſimilar one in Homer:

Now ſhield with ſhield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd;
Hoſt againſt hoſt, with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Pope.

Statius has very happily imitated Homer:

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Enſe minax enſis, pede pes, & cuſpide cuſpis, &c.
Arms o'er armour craſhing, bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd, &c. *Milton.*

Along the ſky the ruſhing jav'lins ſing,
The poliſh'd bows remurmur to the ſtring,
And ſpears fall glimm'ring like the beams of light,
That gild the dark face of tempeſtuous night.
As troubled noiſes of the ocean riſe,
When the loud waves roll mountains to the ſkies;
As the laſt peal heaven's awful thunder yields,
Such is the noiſe of the embattled fields.
Though Cormac's hundred bards their notes prolong,
To ſound the conteſt in immortal ſong,
Weak is the voice an hundred bards could raiſe,
To give the ſlaughter to ſucceeding days:
Unnnumber'd warriors on the field were ſpread,
And wide the blood ſtream'd of the valiant dead.
Mourn, mourn ye bards, for ſilent in the grave
Sithallin * lies, the noble and the brave:
Let fair Fiona's † melancholy ſighs,
On the dark heaths of her lov'd Ardan ‡ riſe:
Like two fair deer they ſtood, but ah! the ſteel
Of Swaran lighted, and the warriors fell:
'Midſt all his thouſands, Swaran roar'd aloud
Like the ſhrill ſpirit of a ſtormy cloud,
That dim on Gormal, ſees cold death enſlave
The ſailor hapleſs in the flaſhing wave.

Nor

* Sithallin ſignifies a handſome man.
† A fair maid.
‡ Pride.

Nor yet inactive ſlept thy hand the while,
Undaunted chieftain of the miſty iſle * :
Cuchullin's ſteel in warrior blood was dy'd,
And death was round him terrible and wide:
His ſword the war like lightning overturn'd,
When men are blaſted, and when hills are burn'd.
O'er heaps of dead Dufronnel † ſnorted loud,
And ſtrong Sith-Fadda ‡ bath'd his hoofs in blood.
Behind their car appear'd the ſcene of death,
Like groves o'erturn'd on Cromla's defert heath,
When roaring winds acroſs the plain have paſt,
And night's dim ſpirits ride upon the blaſt.

Weep on the rocks of roaring ſtorm,
O beauteous maid of Inniſtore; ¶

Bend

* The Iſle of Sky, not improperly called the Miſty Iſle, as its high hills, which catch the clouds from the weſtern ocean, occaſion almoſt continual rains.

† Duh Stron Geal, the name of Cuchullin's horſe.

‡ Sith Fadda, i. e. Long Stride.

¶ The maid of Inniſtore was the daughter of Gorlo, king of Inniſtore, or Orkney Iſlands. Trenar was brother to the king of Iniſcon, ſuppoſed to be one of the iſlands of Shetland. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time ſubject to the king of Lochlin.——We find that the dogs of Trenar are ſenſible at home of the death of their maſter, the very inſtant he is killed.——It was the opinion of the times, that the ſouls of heroes went immediately after death, to the hills of their country, and the ſcenes they frequented the moſt happy time of their life. It was thought too, that dogs and horſes ſaw the ghoſts of the deceaſed.

Bend o'er the waves thy lovely form,
For, ah! the warrior is no more.
Mourn, mourn the desert rocks among,
Thou fairer than the spirit pale,
Which on a sun beam moves along
At noon o'er Morven's silent vale.
He's fall'n! the youth is pale and low,
Beneath Cuchullin's sword he lies;
No more his valour's gen'rous glow,
To match the blood of kings shall rise;
Trenar, sweet maid, is in his tomb,
The lovely youth is ever lost,
His grey dogs howl around their home,
And see his plaintive shivering ghost.
Within his hall the stranger finds
His polish'd bow, unstrung and bare;
No sound is in his heath of hinds,
'Tis all a mournful silence there.
On comes bold Swaran with impetuous roar,
As to the rocks a thousand billows pour;
As some high rock a thousand billows braves,
So fierce Cuchullin met the king of waves.
And now death raises all his voices round,
The clashing shields mix dreadful with the sound;
A cloud of darkness every hero stands,
The sword is fire which lightens in his hands.
As o'er the anvil with tumultuous noise,
With thund'ring din an hundred hammers rise;
From wing to wing the sounds of battle fly,
And the wide fields re-echo to the cry.

Who, dark and gloomy, like the clouds of rain, *
With ſwords of lightning, move acroſs the plain?
The rocks are ſhook with all their ſhaggy moſs,
And hills around them tremble as they paſs.
Who but the king of waves, and Semo's ſon,
(The car-borne Erin) come all dreadful on.
What anxious eyes view dim upon the heath,
The adverſe warriors meditating death.
But now within her gather'd clouds, the night
Conceals the heroes, and delays the fight.

* As when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
O'er the Caſpian. *Milton.*

THE SHIELD OF *ACHILLES.*

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

ILIAD XVIII.

THEN form'd the artiſt-God, by ſkill divine,
Th' enormous work, and bade the ſurface ſhine;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the glowing ſhield,
And three rich circles glitter round the field.
Broad and five-fold of ſpacious plates 'twas made,
Where the great maſter all his art diſplay'd:
Heaven, earth, and ſea in wond'rous order ſhone,
The full round moon, and the unwearied ſun;
The burning ſtars that o'er Olympus riſe,
Crown the high heavens, and glitter in the ſkies.

Pleiads

Pleiad's and Hyads, and refulgent there
Shone great Orion, with the conſtant Bear, *
(Oft call'd the Wain) the ſtar that never laves
Her glowing axle in old ocean's waves,
But wheeling round the pole with conſtant light,
Keeps the red Dog-Star ever in her ſight.
Two cities next the artiſt's hand diſplay'd,
Where nuptial feaſts and feſtivals were made;

The

* POPE'S TRANSLATION.

* The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern teem,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Mr. Pope, amidſt a ſmall miſtake of the ſex, keeps only the forehead above water; but the poet ſeems to exempt her entirely; and ſo does Virgil, when he makes Fear account for the ſame phenomenon, that Ovid (who preſerves all the fables of the ancients) aſcribes to Force.

Maximus hic flexu ſiweoſo elabitur Anguis
Circum, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos:
Arctos Oceani metuentes Æquore tingi.

Virgil, Georg. Lib. i. 224

Around our pole the ſpiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding ſtream the Bears divides,
The leſs and greater, who by fate's decree,
Abhor to dive beneath the Northern Sea. *Dryden.*

The ſpouſes from the bridal chambers came,
Led thro' their city by the torche's flame;
From every mouth ſoft hymeneals ſound,
The rapid youths in circling dances bound,
Breathe the ſweet flute, and tune the ſilver lyre,
From every porch the female crouds admire.
The market next contain'd a gather'd croud
Where two diſpute contentious and aloud:
A murd'rer he, from whoſe polluted hands,
To urge the fire, his ſtern accuſer ſtands:
He pleads the payment made, and both demand
Impartial juſtice from ſome judge's hand;
Th' applauding croud, their acclamations rais'd,
And now the one, and now the other prais'd,
While ſacred heralds, thoughtful and profound,
Still'd the loud ſhouts, and rang'd the people round:
On ſeats of poliſh'd ſtone, to hear the caſe,
The rev'rend elders fill'd the middle place;
Each in his turn, ſlow riſing from his ſeat,
The ſceptre wav'd, and govern'd the debate;
Two golden talents in the midſt were laid,
And his the prize who better judgment made.
The other town two glitt'ring hoſts beſieg'd;
There flaſh'd their armour, there the battle rag'd:
Both diſagreed, if better to decide
The city's ruin, or the ſpoil divide.
Mean time the pris'ners ſecretly prepare
For ſudden ambuſh, and impetuous war.
While left behind the walls, their city's aid,
The ſires, the matrons, and the children ſtaid:

Fierce

Fierce at their head Mars and Minerva came,
The gods of gold in golden armour flame;
They move, diſtinguiſh'd by ſuperior height,
More ſweet proportions, and a blaze of light.
Now at their ſtand they come, a river's brink,
Where lowing herds and thirſty cattle drink;
Hid by their ſhields, the margin ſtream they line,
Two ſpies, at diſtance, watch the lowing kine;
The num'rous cattle and white flocks appear,
Slowly they move, two ſhepherds in the rear;
They tune their dulcet reeds, and all the way
Suſpect no danger, thoughtleſs as they play.
Now ſwift in view the ruſhing foe appear'd,
They kill the ſwains, and captivate the herd;
The diſtant bands, rouz'd at the ſhrill outcry,
On thund'ring courſers to the battle fly:
Then ſpears to ſpears the diff'ring hoſts engag'd,
Loud roar'd the war, and fierce the battle rag'd;
Fate and loud Tumult ſhake the echoing heath,
And Diſcord buſy in the work of death.
There might you ſee the cruel Parca's hand
Drag the dead ſoldier thro' the bloody band;
One pierc'd with deadly wounds beſide her bled,
Her ſteel flaſh'd lightning o'er another's head.
All grim with blood ſhe thro' the battle tore,
And her ſtain'd garments dropp'd with human gore.
Each form appear'd upon the wond'rous ſhield,
To live, to move, to battle o'er the field:
You'd think the figures really drew their dead,
That the gold liv'd, and that the ſilver bled.

A large

A large deep furrow'd field was next diſplay'd,
Where thrice the plough-ſhare had unbound the glade;
Their uſeful team the ſweating lab'rers ſteer,
And move on ev'ry ſide the ſtubborn ſhare;
Till, as they turn to end each furrow'd line,
They meet the goblet foaming o'er with wine.
Chear'd with the draught, a backward courſe they bend,
And eager haſten to the next land's end;
The field (Vulcanian art) was form'd of gold,
But black behind the turn'd-up furrows roll'd.
Another field the god-like hand engrav'd,
Where yellow corn high o'er the ſurface wav'd;
Each reaper bending, handled the ſharp ſteel,
The ſwarths in thick and equal furrows fell;
Three ſteady lab'rers ſtand, in act to bind
The thick ſtrewn corn, and follow cloſe behind;
While panting children carry to be bound
The thin looſe ſwarths that ſcatter on the ground.
Amidſt the heaps the maſter takes his ſtand
With ſilent joy, a ſceptre in his hand:
Diſtant from theſe his houſhold ſtand, and there
The feaſt beneath a ſhadowy oak prepare:
The victim ox they hold—and women knead
Their cates of wheaten flour—the reapers meed.
A vineyard next beneath his hand aroſe,
In rip'ning gold the yellow vintage glows;
The dark plump grapes in heavy cluſters reſt
On props of ſilver, "ſuing to be preſt."

A diff'rent metal cloſes all within,
A darken'd trench, and palliſades of tin;
One narrow path leads winding to the place,
Thro' which the lab'rers to the vineyard paſs;
With woven baſkets, forming in a line,
The youths and maidens bear the latent wine.
'Midſt theſe a youth attunes the trembling ſtrings,
Old Linus' ſong the charming lyriſt ſings:
They dance reſponſive to the tuneful ſound,
All join in chorus, and the ſong goes round.
Now herds of gold appear; the oxen tall
Erect their heads, and bellow from the ſtall,
Haſte to the meadows, where with ſtunning ſound,
The rapid torrent thunders thro' the ground.
Four herdſmen follow, glitt'ring in the gold,
And nine large maſtiffs, terrible and bold.
Two ſhaggy lions ſeize a bull——in vain
He roars, he ſtruggles, dragg'd acroſs the plain;
They tear his entrails, and they quaff the gore,
While ſwift to reſcue dogs and herdſmen pour:
In vain the herdſmen hearten them to rage,
The dogs bark diſtant, fearful to engage.
Next a fair ſcene the raviſh'd eye beholds:
A beauteous valley to the ſight unfolds,
White, ſnowy flocks of fleecy ſheep are here,
And folds, and ſheds, and cottages appear.
Then form'd the maſter hand the ſmooth advance,
And various figure of the waving dance:
Such Ariadne, beauteous queen, beheld
In Gnoſſus court, by Dædalus reveal'd;

There hand in hand the youths and maidens join,
Form the ſweet wave, and undulate the line;
The youths in gloſſy ſhining ſilks appear,
The beauteous maidens in the white *cymar*;
Fair wreaths of flowers their lovely locks embrace,
The youthful band the golden faulchions grace;
All gaily at their ſides, with graceful ſwing
They hang, ſuſpended by a ſilver ſtring.
Here ſwift they move, and rapid as they fly,
The varying forms ſeem blended in the eye.
Whirl'd in a circle flies the giddy reel,
As on its centre turns the rapid wheel,
(His finiſh'd labour when the potter tries,)
And all too rapid for the ſight it flies:
At once they move, thro' devious mazes meet,
And wind away the dance with meaſur'd feet:
Unnumber'd crouds enjoy the pleaſing ſight,
And gaze the revels eager with delight.
In active feats two nimble tumblers bound,
While the whole circle bears the ſong around.

Thus grew the mighty ſhield, around the verge *
Pour'd the great ocean with its rapid ſurge;

He

* En d' etithei potamoio. He deſcribed the rapid ſurges of the great ocean, and cauſed the waves thereof to roll round (or encompaſs) the whole circumference.

Mr.

He made the deep its whole circumf'rence lave,
And ſmooth againſt it beat the ſilver wave.

Mr. Pope obſerves, that this being the frame of the whole ſhield, is but ſlightly touched upon.—It was unhappy in Mr. Pope, that he was more negligent than his author.—Homer gives us, with ſublimity, the "Foaming rapid courſe of the great ocean." Of this Mr. Pope makes no mention; indeed Homer's Ocean, in the hands of Pope, appears to have loſt conſiderably of its majeſtic grandeur.

Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

EPISTLES

MISCELLANIA.

ADDRESS

TO

ACROSTIC WRITERS.

YE ſcribbling herd, who in Acroſtic lays,
Yourſelves, your writings, or a miſtreſs praiſe:
Remit your labours, and for once attend,
The unſought counſel of a faithful friend.
Awhile give ear, attention ſhall repay,
The fond inſtruction of the well meant lay.
Acroſtic labours, by no muſe inſpir'd,
Are prais'd by dunces, and by fools admir'd;
Yet bards, and critics of ſuperior vein,
In vile contempt have ever held the ſtrain.

Theſe

Thoſe paltry works ſuch judges ne'er could pleaſe,
Though true in letters, and though wrote with eaſe:
But all agree, this maxim to recite,
Who writes acroſtics, nothing elſe can write.
Scorn'd are the wretched lays——and loſt to fame,
The author carries an oblivious name.
When Homer's muſe in majeſty of ſong,
Pours all the thunder of the war along,
We read no Anagram on Hector's name;
Nor was the prince of poetry to blame.
(Achilles too, retir'd from martial ſtrife,
Writes no acroſtic on his captive wife.)
But the great bard, inſpir'd by ev'ry muſe,
Bounds to the ſkies, and ſpurns all narrow views;
Swells the bold ſong, while liſt'ning crouds admire,
And ſoars ſublimely on the wings of fire.
On comes Achilles with impetuous rage,
The tumult thickens, now the chiefs engage:
And now great JOVE, eternal Ruler, ſhrouds
His whole creation in a night of clouds.
Death follows death, the claſhing arms reſound,
Loud roar the heavens, blue light'nings flaſh around.
" Fierce Diſcord ſtorms, Apollo loud exclaims;
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the fields in flames.
But when wild Oſſian wakes the celtic fire,
The voice of ſpirits trembles on his lyre.
He, penſive Bard, all lonely lov'd to ſtray
O'er barren heaths, and every deſert way.
What warm deſcription all his works unfold?
He writes, we hear; he paints, and we behold!

While

While yet we read, the gale ſeems whiſtling ſtill
Thro' the long graſs, on Morven's lonely hill;
In ev'ry paſſing breeze we hear the dead,
And ſee the tempeſt roll o'er Cromla's head.
'Tis power like this awakes the mournful tear,
In that ſweet Bard, unhappy Falconer,
Who thrills the ſoul with his poetic fire,
" As lightning glances on th' electric wire."
But ye vile rhymers, who in modern ſtrain
Of baſe acroſtics, tell the fair your pain,
Tho' juſt our judgment, tho' the muſe be true,
Such grand deſcriptions are but loſt on you.
You comprehend them not; and trifles will
Beſt fill thoſe heads, an Anagram can fill.
" Love makes a man a poet"——grant it ſo,
Are ye then Bards?——Parnaſſus echo's——NO!
When ye have ſweetly tun'd your ſing-ſong lays;
When juſt no meaning every word conveys:
Your theme complete; the intended name pourtray'd
In ſide-long letters, prettily diſplay'd:
Then rhymers know, y'ave gather'd all your fame,
And gain'd at laſt the POETASTER's name.
That name, by fops, and fools, and dunces priz'd,
By men of ſenſe forever was deſpis'd.

FABLE.

FABLE.

WHEN Homer wrote, as ſcholiaſts ſay,
BATRAKOMUOMACHIA,
Hoarſe frogs, a warlike race, were then
Immortaliz'd by Homer's pen:
There MERIDARPAX ſhines in fame,
His jav'lins flaſh, his eye-balls flame;
His voice ſhakes all the region round,
And hills reverberate the ſound.
There PELIUS too, terrific frog,
All dire emerges from the bog,
Gloomy as night——the mice he dares,
And lo! the great PSYCARPAX fears.
Such mighty deeds were done——and more,
By mighty frogs in days of yore;
They then atchiev'd ſuch deeds of might,
As Homer did not ſcorn to write.
But bards no longer deign to praiſe
The frogs of our degenerate days:
Tho' in old Æſop's happy time,
When beaſts could talk, and birds could rhyme,
There liv'd a frog, whoſe mighty name
Deſerves an everlaſting fame:
He, with a great ambition fir'd,
By more than all the frog inſpir'd,

Beholds

Beholds the bulky oxen feed,
And emulates the horny breed:
At once he ſpurns his native floods,
Reſolv'd to graze and dwell in woods.
Thus while he meditates the ſcheme,
Each feature ſwells——ſwells every limb;
And now almoſt an ox he rears,
His fancy'd horns, protrudes his ears;
Already ſcorns his brother frog,
And ſtalks indignant o'er the bog.
But Jove look'd wrathful down 'tis ſaid,
To ſee the boaſter's vain parade;
Then this dread fiat thunder'd wide:——
"*Yon frog ſhall periſh for his pride.*"
But him nor thunders can controul,
Nor tempeſts ſhake his ſteady ſoul;
Lo! ſtruggling into bulk he ſeems,
Tranſported at his growing limbs;
When——ſo decrees reſiſtleſs fate,
And ſuch the lot attends the great——
The ſinewy nerves, o'er-ſtrain'd, divide,
His fabrick burſt——his frogſhip dy'd.
Inſulted by his late diſdain,
The frogs in thouſands croud the plain,
Intomb the wretch with ſcornful laugh,
And o'er him raiſe this epitaph:——
"Such fates on VANITY attend,
"And ſo ſhall PRIDE forever end."

* * *

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH

ON AN

OLD HORSE.

LET no facetious mortal laugh,
To ſee an horſe's epitaph;
Leſt ſome old ſteed, with ſaucy phiz,
Should have the ſenſe to laugh his——
As well he might——for prove we can,
The courſer equal to the man.
The horſe was of ſupreme degree
At leaſt no common ſteed was he;
He ſcorn'd the tricks of ſly trepanners,
And ne'er a horſe had better manners:
He ſcorn'd to tell a lie, or mince
His words, by clipping half their ſenſe;
But if he meant to ſhew you why,
He'd out with't, let who would be by.
And (how can man the bluſh reſtrain?)
Ne'er took his Maker's name in vain!

A better

A better ſervant horſe was never,
His maſter own'd that he was clever.
Then to his equals all obliging,
To his inferiors quite engaging;
A better Chriſtian too I trow,
Than ſome denominated ſo.
In him we the good father find,
The duteous ſon, the huſband kind;
The friend ſincere——though not to brag,
The honeſt, and well-meaning nag.
Then let thoſe fools who vainly laugh,
To ſee an horſe's epitaph,
Go grope among the HUMAN DUST,
And find an epitaph more juſt.

THE

THE HAPPY MAN. TO HORATIO.

BLEST with the joys impaſſion'd fathers know,
And all that heaven could in a wife beſtow:
A wife endear'd to that congenial breaſt,
In three ſweet prattlers moſt ſupremely bleſt.
Bleſt with enjoyments that on wealth attend,
And bleſt by heaven with many a ſocial friend;
In calm delight, whoſe ever-ſmiling rays,
Spreads a ſweet ſun-ſhine o'er thy happy days:
And bleſt to know, that high enroll'd in fame,
Ages ſhall love and venerate the name.
To every friend thy memory dear ſhall be,
And ſweet the ſong be, when they ſing of thee——
Oh! read this verſe, where bleſſings all combine,
And view thyſelf in each deſcriptive line.

PROSPECT
OF
CAROLINA.
FOR JULY.

LO wrapt in ſun-ſhine all divinely bright,
Fair Carolina riſes to the ſight;
Here the hot ſun, with fierce effulgent ray,
Darts from his orb intolerable day.
Unlike the northern beam, his fervid glow
Pays fiercer courtſhip to the ſtreams below;
Hence from each ſtagnant pool thick vapours riſe,
Curl to the clouds, and blacken in the ſkies:
On ſuch dire fogs, Death rides with murky wing,
And here thy woes, O Carolina, ſpring!
When vertic ſun-beams wrap the mountain heads,
And the red Dog Star's curſed venom ſpreads;
Then ſmoke the hills; for from the marſhes round,
The curling fog invades the higher ground.
Unbleſt is he, who in this luckleſs hour,
By dread experience proves its deathful power.
But what raſh man, celeſtial muſes ſay,
Bends o'er yon miſt-clad marſh his dangerous way?
O ſtay fond youth!——no living wight can bear
The deadly influence of empoiſon'd air;

Stay

Stay while thy frame the rigid fibres brace,
And vermeil health ſports lovely in thy face:
Stay e'er PHOBERA * thro' thy circling veins,
Spread the dire prelude to more fatal pains:
For know, youth, o'er yon dreary marſhes glide
The miſts envenom'd, MIASMATA † ride;
If in thy veins they taint the gen'rous blood,
Fair health adieu!- —and every earthly good.
Hence comes dire TERTIAN, Carolina's bane,
And all the haggard family of pain:
The van pale *horror* leads, and anguiſh blind;
Infernal *megrim* follows cloſe behind.
Taſte not the air, for Death is in the breeze,
And the whole Hydra of abhorr'd Diſeaſe.

* * * * * * *

CÆTERA DESUNT.

* The harbingers of diſeaſe.
‡ The ſeeds of diſeaſes.

THE

JOURNEY.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * * *

OUR deſtin'd courſe we next purſue,
'Till Eutaw Springs appear in view;
Here we behold the bloody field,
Where Britiſh bands were forc'd to yield——
The fair hiſtoric page ſhall tell,
That here full many a Briton fell.
Our horſes left, around we ſtray,
And all the ſcene of Death ſurvey:
There lay a heap of bleaching bones,
And there whole human ſkeletons;
In every proſpect did appear,
The ſad effects of curſed war.
Here firſt my foot diſturb'd with impious tread,
The ſacred reliques of the ſilent dead;
From a large grave, with ſkeletons diſplay'd,
To tear the peaceful bones I next eſſay'd——
For here full oft th' anatomiſt may find
The ſeparate frames, which may with ſkill be join'd.
Firſt a large Tibia from the grave I tore——
Next an Os Femoris, from diſtance bore;

The

The different bones by art replac'd again,
The left Trochanter ſtill I ſought in vain——
But while my ſearch laborious I purſu'd,
Thro' the receſſes of the ſpreading wood,
In form ſcarce human, with terrific brows,
The awful genius of the wood aroſe:
His reverend head a lofty cedar crown'd——
A zone of buſhes claſp'd his body round.
Onward he came, all ghaſtly was his look;
The tall trees trembled, the whole foreſt ſhook;
At length in thunder his expreſſions broke,
And ſlowly ſolemn thus the phantom ſpoke:——

I.

O! impious ſtranger, ſuffer ſtill to reſt
Theſe hallow'd bones——and from diſperſion ſave
The ſleeping patriot. Say, can'ſt thou moleſt,
Nor let the ſoldier ſlumber in his grave.

II.

What pledge haſt thou, unthinking ſtranger, ſay,
What ſurety haſt thou when grim death ſhall come,
That none will tear thy peaceful bones away,
Or none deny thy ſkeleton a tomb?

III.

The bones thou ſee'ſt were dreſt with heavenly ſkill,
Whilom as thine, with nerves and vigour too;
Go aſk of Britain, if ſhe bears not ſtill
Their dread remembrance in each deathful blow?

Thoſe

IV.

Thoſe ſleeping warriors taught their foes to yield;
And FAME's ſhrill trumpet left no name behind;
But loud proclaimed thro' the bloody field——
The brothers, friends, and fathers of mankind.

V.

Diſturb not then the ſlumbers of the brave,
At leaſt theſe hallow'd bones a tomb afford;
For who deſerves an honorable grave,
Like thoſe who earn'd it by the bloody ſword?

VI.

Depart in peace, forbear this hallow'd ſhade;
But think, O ſtranger! as thou doſt depart,
And let the inſtruction which is here convey'd,
With deep impreſſion ſink into thy heart.——

Here ceas'd, and ſwift as light'ning's rapid flight,
The horrid phantom vaniſh'd from my ſight——
Amaz'd I ſtood——by terror all inſpir'd——
I view'd, I trembled, and with awe retir'd.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

'TIS an empty fleeting ſhade,
By imagination made:
'Tis a bubble, ſtraw, or worſe;
'Tis a baby's hobby-horſe:
'Tis a little living, clear;
'Tis ten thouſand pounds a year:
'Tis a title, 'tis a name:
'Tis a puff of empty fame,
Fickle as the breezes blow:
'Tis a lady's YES *or* NO!
And when the deſcription's crown'd,
'Tis juſt *no where* to be found.

RECEIPT

RECEIPT
FOR A
COUGH.

MUCH coughing, dear PHEBE, with eaſe you might ſpare,
Much hoarſeneſs and trouble, much head-ach and care;
If a wet parlour floor you would ſeldom admit,
Or a window ſhov'd up in the room where you ſit;
If abroad 'twere your rule but few moments to ſpend,
When the damp ſhades of evening unhealthy deſcend;
But when ſable night with its vapours moleſt,
Be ſparing of ſupper, be early to reſt:
Then lie in the morning as long as you pleaſe,
While ſomething diverts you—for nothing ſhould teaſe;
With the ſteam of your *byſon*, if health you purſue,
Accept, without butter, a biſcuit or two;
When you riſe it will further the care of your cough;
Tho' your dreſs ſhould be light, let there ſtill be enough:
Serene be your paſſions, your temper be calm,
Keep eaſy, contented, keep chearful and warm——
Theſe are my directions——be this your belief,
I'm an ignorant old quack, if they give not relief.

REMONSTRANCE

OF

ALMASA,

WIFE OF

ALMAS ALI CAWN,

TO

GENERAL HASTINGS.

MY ſubjects ſlaughter'd, my whole kingdom ſpoil'd,
My treaſures rifled, and my huſband ſlain——
O ſay, vile monſter, art thou ſatisfy'd?
Haſt thou (rapacious brute!) ſufficient wealth?
And, cruel muderer, art thou fill'd with blood?
Perhaps inſatiate, thou art thirſting ſtill
For human gore!——O may'ſt thou ever thirſt;
And may the righteous Gods deny thee water,
To cool thy boiling blood.——Inhuman wretch!
Have not the braveſt of my ſubjects bled?

Are

Are they not butcher'd ALL——A L L maſſacred?
And did not India foam again with gore?

Where is the murderer who has ſlain his fellow?
Where is the robber?——Where the parricide?
Approach——for ye are innocent and clean;
Your ſouls are whiter than the ocean foam,
Compar'd with him, the murrderer of MILLIONS!
Yes, bloody brute, the murderer of MILLIONS!
Where are the ſwarms that cover'd all my land:
That cultur'd land, of which each foot was garden,
Doom'd to ſupport the millions of my hoſt?——
Are they not butcher'd all——all maſſacred?
And butcher'd, bloody monſter, by thy hands?
But why?——becauſe, vile brute, thou muſt have wealth:
Becauſe thou muſt have wealth, my people bled;
The land was floated with a tide of gore!
My fields, my towns, my cities ſwam in blood!
And through all India one horrendous groan;
The groan of millions echoed to the heavens.

Curſt be your nation, and forever curſt
The luckleſs hour, when India firſt beheld you.
We have a cuſtom here as old as time,
Of honouring Juſtice——why?——becauſe 'tis Juſtice;
And Virtue is beloved——becauſe 'tis Virtue.
As Indians need no hell, they know of none:——
You Chriſtians ſay you've one; tis well you have——
Your crimes call loudly for it. And I'll ſwear,
If HASTINGS is not damn'd, your boaſted GODS

Are

Are worſe than he: and Heaven itſelf becomes
A black accomplice in the monſter's guilt.
HASTINGS! my huſband was your priſoner:
The wealth of kingdoms flew to his relief:
You took the ranſom, and you broke your faith:
ALMAS was ſlain!——'twas perjury to your ſoul;
But perjury is a little crime to you,
In ſouls ſo black it ſeems almoſt a virtue.
Know, monſter know, that the prodigious wealth
You ſold your ſoul for, was by juſtice gain'd:
'Twas not acquir'd by rapine, force, and murder;
The treaſures of my fathers! theirs by conqueſt,
And legal domination; from old time
Tranſmitted by the father to the ſon,
In juſt ſucceſſion. Now you call it yours,
And dearly have you purchas'd it——for know,
When the juſt Gods ſhall hear the cry of blood,
And of your hands demand the ſouls you've murder'd,
That gold will never pay their price——will never pay
Your awful ranſom.——You muſt go where ALMAS
Sits on a lofty throne, and every hour
He ſtabs an Engliſhman, and ſweetly feaſts
Upon his bloody heart, and trembling liver:
For, monſtrous wretch, to thy confuſion know,
ALMAS can reliſh now no other food
Than "hearts of Engliſhmen!" Yet thou art ſafe—
Yes, monſter! thou art ſafe from this repaſt:
A heart polluted with ten thouſand crimes,
Is not a feaſt for ALMAS.——Tremble yet,
He'll tear that heart out from its bloody caſe,

And

And toſs it to his dogs——full many a vulture
Be poiſon'd by thy corſe——wolves ſhall run mad,
By feeding on thy murd'rous carcaſe——*More!*
When ſome vile wretch——ſome monſter of mankind,
Some brute like thee, perhaps thy relative,
Laden with horrid crimes without a name,
Shall ſtalk through earth, and we want curſes for him,
We'll torture thought to curſe the wretch; and then,
To damn him moſt ſupreme——we'll call him
HASTINGS!

JOSHUA.

JOSHUA.

ON that great day when heaven appear'd in fight,
And Iſrael conquer'd the proud Amorite;
Amid the tribes intrepid Joſhua ſtood,
Array'd in all the terrors of his God.
Whene'er he mov'd, the Heathen were diſmay'd;
But, when he ſpoke, the hoſt of Heaven obey'd:
"*Sun, be thou ſilent o'er Gibeon's hill,**
"*And thou, O Moon! in Ajalon be ſtill.*"
Then paus'd the aſtoniſh'd ſun——the moon beheld
Each ſcene of death, and hover'd o'er the field.

Then

* Joſhua has been wrongfully accuſed of commanding the ſun to ſtand ſtill, and ſo of contradicting the Copernican Syſtem. This error has originated from our common verſion of the bible, and we have by this means overlooked a moſt remarkable beauty in the original.—Joſhua does not, as vulgarly ſuppoſed, command the ſun to ſtand ſtill, that he may have day-light ſufficient to conquer his enemies. This conqueſt appears to have been already effected. The ſun and the moon are ſublimely introduced

Then her dun orb, by power ſupreme controul'd,
Pale thro' the heavens in ſilent grandeur roll'd——
Say, ſhall not this to lateſt time deſcend,
In the fair volume by the righteous penn'd?
For one whole day, by heaven's eternal will,
The ſun ſtood ſilent, and the moon was ſtill.

THE

introduced as ſpectators:—they are *ſilent in the midſt of heaven*, and *gaze* with *aſtoniſhment* at the acts of Iſrael, of Joſhua, and the terrible ſlaughter of the Amorites, by hailſtones. Here was room for the boldeſt figures, and the ſublimeſt aſtoniſhment, The ſun and moon are introduced, they are called upon to be *ſilent* (i. e. aſtoniſhed) and we are informed they are ſo. This is perhaps among the fineſt inſtances of the Proſopopœia; nothing can be more ſublimely imagined. The following is nearly a literal tranſlation from the Hebrew:

And Joſhua ſpake to Aleim, the day when Aleim delivered up the Amorites to Iſrael, and Joſhua ſaid before Iſrael, Sun, *be thou ſilent* upon Gibeon, and thou, O Moon, in the vale of Ajalon. And the ſun *was ſilent*, and the moon *ſtayed*, after the people were avenged of their enemies. Shall not this be written in the book of the (Jaſher) Righteous, that the ſun was *ſilent* in the midſt of heaven, and *haſted not during a whole day*. *Joſhua*, x. 12, 13.

THE ANATOMICAL CHAPTER OF KOHELETH,

THE ROYAL PREACHER.

TRANSLATED.

NOW, in the day while vig'rous youth remains,
Glows in the face, and revels in the veins,
Attend, O man!——To mem'ry's care intruſt
The God, whoſe wiſdom faſhion'd thee from duſt:
For ſoon, alas! the pleaſant moments fly,
And years of ſorrow all too ſoon are nigh.
Then wilt thou ſay, (while time, by heaven's command,
Shall warp thy features with his rugged hand)
Then wilt thou ſay, Alas! from me is fled
The joyful hour, and every pleaſure's dead.
For then each ſcene which mov'd thee with delight,
Each pleaſant ſcene ſhall fade upon thy ſight;

While

While ſhorten'd of their rays, with viſage dun,
Shines the full moon, and the unwearied ſun;
The ſtars grow darker in th' etherial ſkies,
And *rheums drop ceaſeleſs from thy clouded eyes.* *
Trembling ſhall ſeize thee in the palſied hand,
For frail the *keepers of the manſion* ſtand.
Few, and decay'd, the *grinding teeth* ſhall be,
And bow'd the *mighty man*, the tottering knee.
Lo! the ſoul's *windows* dark and gloomy grow;
The eye ſinks beamleſs in the gather'd brow:
That *door*, the mouth, ſhuts folding in the ſtreet;
The falling jaw *grinds ſilently* the meat.
Blind and unconſcious of the ſunny ray,
The *cock's ſhrill note* † ſhall tell thee when 'tis day;
Tho' ſcarce 'tis heard, for hearing is decay'd,
And low the *daughters of the ſong* ‡ are laid.

Then ſhall thy tottering ſtep, thy failing ſight,
Whene'er thou walkeſt fill thee with affright; §
Unuſual terror ſhall poſſeſs thy mind,
Leſt ſome high place ¶ precipitate the blind.
The *almond tree* its leafy boughs ſhall ſpread,
And pour white bloſſoms on thy ſnowy head:

* Arouet has choſen to follow this ſenſe, inſtead of Dr. Mead's, it being the moſt probable of the two.——Koheleth was then ſpeaking of the decaying ſight. "The clouds return "after rain."

† He ſhall riſe up at the voice of the bird.

‡ The ears.

§ Fear ſhall be in the way.

¶ They ſhall be afraid of that which is high.

Thoſe who wiſh to ſee more upon this curious ſubject, may conſult Poole's Annotations, and the Medica Sacra of Dr. Richard Mead.

Then vig'rous love ſhall fail, and warm deſire,
And cold and lifeleſs be the vital fire;
For man then haſtens to his long, long home,
And through the ſtreets the buſy mourners come.
'Tis then the *ſilver cord* of life is ſlack,
The ſpinal marrow looſens in the back;
The bones give way, the tottering pelvis ſhakes,
Till at the fount the *bony pitcher* breaks;
The ſkull that whilom held the impatient ſoul,
Gives way, and broken is the *golden bowl;*
The wheel ſtands broken at the ciſtern's head,
The heart is moveleſs and the pulſe is fled:
Then while around thee, weeping kindred mourn,
The duſt ſhall proſtrate to the duſt return;
Th' immortal ſoul ſhall quit the frail abode,
And ſoar ſublimely to the realms of God.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY,

SACRED TO THE

MANES OF *PHILANDER.*

WRITTEN ON A RAINY TEMPESTUOUS MORNING.

LO! clouds on clouds, obſequious to the blaſt,
With ſpreading gloom the face of heaven o'ercaſt;
Down pours the rain——and thirſty earth receives
The humid burthen——patt'ring from the eves;
Whilſt her dark wing, black melancholy ſpreads
O'er every joy, and wraps the mind in ſhades.
Come heaven-born muſe, for tragic ſweetneſs known,
Where high thou ſhadow'ſt thy cœrulian throne;
In this dark hour, to lend thy votary aid,
From brighter realms deſcend, celeſtial maid:
Since none like thee, among the tuneful nine,
Can melt the ſoul in ſympathy divine;

Since

Since none like thee, beyond the grave can give,
The poet's or the patriot's name to live:
Lo! rais'd by thee, the mounting Bard would ſoar
Beyond all view——ſublime in tragic lore!——
O come! the great, immortal thought inſpire,
That ev'ry line may glow with native fire;
Then whilſt I ſing, forever ſacred be
The lays, Philander, for I ſing of thee:
Thee, with dire frowns, the ruthleſs fates beheld,
When o'er thy bark the bellying canvas ſwell'd;
Conſign'd by them, Britannia's ſons enſlave
Thoſe free-born youths who preſs the Atlantic wave.
Oh! could I fall, the undaunted brave might ſay,
In arms of conqueſt, and the face of day:
Could I expire, the peaceful ſwain might cry,
My friends around me, all my kindred by:
Then would grim death his friendlieſt aſpect wear,
Nor all his terrors ſhake my ſoul with fear.
But ah! Philander no ſuch bleſſing knew,
No weeping kindred took their laſt adieu:
All unbemoan'd the ærial ſpirit flies,
And ſwift reviſits its paternal ſkies.
When the tall oak, amidſt tempeſtuous gloom,
From heaven's own thunder ſhades the lowly broom;
If o'er its head the livid light'nings burſt,
Rive the big trunk, and level it with duſt;
Each ſhrub laments the fall——and full in view,
A mournful chaſm——tells them where it grew.
So fell Philander, and where once he ſtood,
We long ſhall mourn the gen'rous and the good.

Ye ſons of Pæan *, by your parent led,
Weep round his grave, and mourn your brother dead.
Like you he once approach'd, with ſweet relief,
The houſe of ſickueſs, the abode of grief;
With gen'rous ardour, ſtriving to impart
The heavenly bleſſings of the healing art.
With no raſh tread, ye paſſers-by, preſume
To print the aſhes on Philander's tomb;
But ever ſacred may the lone retreat,
Be *Solitude's* ſupremely awful ſeat;
Round all the place may mournful cypreſs grow,
And *Death's* dread angel keep his charge below.

* Phyſicians.

ELEGY,

ELEGY,

SACRED TO THE MANES OF

MAJOR BENJAMIN HUGER.

I.

ENROLL'D among the mighty dead,
Where Honor points the trophy'd grave,
And virtue bends the penſive head;
Sweet is the mem'ry of the brave.

II.

There friendſhip breathes the ſigh ſincere,
And freedom with diſhevell'd hair,
Bedews the turf with many a tear,
While ſorrow's dew-drops mingle there.

III.

But penſive Bard——O! poet ſay,
Columbia's weeping genius cries,
Does not yon ſod which ſkirts the way,
Mark the lone ſpot where HUGER lies?

IV.

There melancholy loves to dwell,
And pale-eyed grief forever weeps;
She roams but where my HUGER fell,
And lives but where the warrior ſleeps.

While

V.

While Bards, his virtues to relate,
Awake the ſymphony of ſongs;
Each ſad remembrance of his fate,
The melancholy verſe prolongs.

VI.

'Tis done——and ah! reſign we muſt.
In peace, dear ſhade, forever reſt;
Nor ever may thy ſacred duſt,
Be by unhallow'd ſteps impreſt.

* * * * * * *

IX.

The friends, who lov'd him here below,
And ſtill enraptur'd ſpread his fame,
Have bid theſe lines of ſorrow flow,
In ſweet remembrance of the name.

X.

On what great ſprings his ſpirit mov'd,
Let thoſe, with tears, who knew him tell——
He liv'd, and he was all belov'd,
He dy'd, and all lamented fell.

MONODY,

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY.

AH me! ſhe ſpoke——Did not Almena ſay,
Come Arouet, come my much lov'd youth away?
Did ſhe not ſeem to court me from the place,
While ſmiles angelic beam'd upon her face?
Dear ſhade accept the tribute of this tear,
While to my ſoul thy memory ſhall be dear;
Still in my griefs thy idea ſhall have part,
And hold a place ſuperior in my heart.
See what thick gloom the ſable ev'ning ſhrouds,
No meteor trembles thro' the night of clouds;
In *ſleep's* ſoft arms, ſurrounding *nature* lies,
Me, me alone, the envied bleſſing flies;
The night, the ſilence but augments my woe,
While ſtreaming tears in ceaſeleſs torrents flow.
Ah! why did I behold with raptur'd eyes,
The early dawn of glowing genius riſe;
When fair Almena ſtrove the ſoul to gain,
And nature liſten'd to the pleaſing ſtrain:
Oh! much 'twas her's the boſom to inſpire
With heaven-bred warmth, and fill the mind with fire;

To

To melt the ſoul, and bid our ſorrows flow
To the ſoft tale of heavenly-penſive woe.
No more the muſic of thy voice we hear,
No more thy ſtrains command the falling tear;
But the ſtern monarch of the ſilent tomb,
Shades all thy beauties in funereal gloom.
Ah! what avail'd that thy ſuperior mind,
In its firſt dawn with glowing luſtre ſhin'd;
That thy lov'd form by heaven was taught to pleaſe
With native charms, ſerenity and eaſe:
Since nought, dear maid, could all that ſweetneſs ſave
From the dark angel of the gloomy grave.
How fair thy beauties met the early dawn,
The ſun beheld them glorious in the morn;
But e'er his beams had pierc'd the noon-tide ſhade,
On earth's cold lap the wither'd roſe was laid:
Almena fell, and o'er the lovely dead
Her ſhadowy veil the ſilent manſion ſpread.
Come kindly cruel fate, relieve my breaſt,
And lull my ſorrows to eternal reſt;
In yon lone tomb, beneath the foliage deep,
The lov'd Almena and myſelf may ſleep.
May pale-ey'd *Sorrow* conſecrate the ſeat,
And there the Angel of the grave retreat;
While no raſh foot diſturbs with impious tread,
The ſacred aſhes of the ſilent dead.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

STOP, ſtranger ſtop, let one ſad tear bedew
That ſorrowing face; while this cold ſtone you view:
Here death in icy arms confines that fair,
Who once was lovely as the angels are;
But think not ſtranger——ever to behold
Tranſcendent worth on ſculptur'd marble told;
Ah no!——ſuffice it, if one mournful tear
Shall mix with mine in tender ſorrow here.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

PSALM CXXXVII.

SPECIMEN OF THE NEW VERSION.

WHEN Zion's memory ſadden'd every ſoul,
How much we wept? how many were our ſighs
By thoſe ſlow rivers, which in ſilence roll,
Where the proud ſpires of Babylon ariſe?

Our ſilent harps the lonely willows bore,
No longer tuneful, ſince no longer ſtrung;
Alas! their muſic——for 'twas heard no more,
No tabret trembled, and no warbler ſung.

Yet the proud victors, all inſulting ſtray
Thro' our lone bands, and bid our ſorrows ceaſe:
"*Give us a ſong*," the thoughtleſs victors ſay,
"*A ſong of Zion in her days of peace.*"

A ſong of peace!—Ah! thoughtleſs men, no more;
For how can we JEHOVAH's praiſes ſing?
'Midſt victor nations, on a foreign ſhore,
How can we tune the ſweetly trembling ſtring?

Oh!

Oh! SALEM, SALEM, land forever dear,
When thoughts of thee no longer warm my heart,
May I experience vengeance moſt ſevere.
And all the vigour of my hand depart.

To the parch'd palate may my tongue be bound,
E're much-lov'd SALEM ſhall forgotten be;
E're thou inferior to my joys art found;
Or my beſt wiſhes center not in thee.

Remember Lord, thy Zion's many foes;
The ſons of Edom, with their war-like powers;
Around our city how the croud aroſe,
And urg'd the ruin of her peaceful towers.

Lo! now the dire deſtroying angel rides!
And hear, O Edom, land forever curſt,
Bleſt ſhall he be, who while our vengeance guides,
Lays thy proud turrets ſmoaking in the duſt.

Thrice happy he, who all thy little ones,
(That prattle round) with ruthleſs ruin greets,
To daſh them brainleſs on the ſpatter'd ſtones,
And ſpread the carnage o'er thy bloody ſtreets.

THE

DEATH OF WERTER,

I.

AND ſay, did CHARLOTTE's hand theſe piſtols give?
Come ye dear pledges, ſacred to my love——
Since given by her, 'twould be a crime to live——
No; come ye piſtols; all your death I prove.

II.

But firſt one kiſs, for there did CHARLOTTE touch,
Ye ſacred relicks, now are ye moſt dear;
Tho' o'er your deeds will CHARLOTTE ſorrow much,
And even ALBERT drop a pitying tear.

III.

May heaven forgive the unconſider'd deed!
It gave me paſſions, nor could I controul:
But if, poor WERTER, 'tis a crime to bleed,
The God of Heaven have mercy on thy ſoul!

IV.

CHARLOTTE I go!——my piſtols have their load:
My laſt, my dying thoughts are fix'd on you!
I go! I go thro' death's untrodden road;
Once, and forever, CHARLOTTE——Oh! Adieu!

*** WERTER's

WERTER'S EPITAPH.

I.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, that from below
This graſs-green hill, with ſteady ſteps doſt preſs:
Shed ſympathetic tears; for ſtranger know,
Here lies the ſon of *Sorrow* and *Diſtreſs*.

II.

Although his ſoul with every virtue mov'd;
Tho' at his birth deceitful fortune ſmil'd,
In one ſad hour, too fatally he lov'd;
Falſe fortune frown'd, and he was *Sorrow's* child.

III.

Heaven gave him paſſions, as ſhe virtue gave;
But gave not power thoſe paſſions to ſuppreſs:
By them ſubdu'd he ſlumbers in the grave——
The ſoul's laſt refuge from terrene diſtreſs.

IV.

Around his tomb, the ſweeteſt graſs ſhall ſpring;
And annual flowers ſhall ever bloſſom here;
Here fairy forms their lovelieſt gifts ſhall bring,
And paſſing ſtrangers ſhed the pitying tear.

***

O D E S.

RETIREMENT.

HAIL ſweet retirement! hail!
Beſt ſtate of man below;
To ſmooth the tide of paſſions frail,
And bear the ſoul away from ſcenery of woe——
When retir'd from bu'y noiſe,
Vexing cares, and troubled joys,
To a mild ſerener air
In the country, we repair;
Calm enjoy the rural ſcene,
Sportive o'er the medows green,
When the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Speaks the genial month of May;
Lo! his am'rous wanton beams,
Dance on yonder chryſtal ſtreams,
In ſoft dalliance paſs the hours,
Kiſſing dew-drops from the flowers;
While ſoft muſic thro' the grove,
Sweetly tunes the ſoul to love;
And the hills, harmonious round,
Echo with reſponſive ſound.
There the *Turtle Dove* alone,
Makes his ſoft melodious moan;

While

While from yonder bough 'tis heard,
Sweetly chirps the *Yellow Bird:*
There the *Linnet's* downy throat,
Warbles the reſponſive note;
And to all the neighb'ring groves,
Robin Redbreaſt tells his loves.
There, AMANDA, we might walk,
And of ſoft endearments talk;
Or anon we'd liſten, love,
To the gently cooing dove.
In ſome ſweet embow'ring ſhade,
Some fair ſeat by nature made,
I my love would gently place,
On the tender woven graſs;
Seated by thy lovely ſide,
Oh! how great would be my pride;
While my ſoul ſhould fix on thine——
Oh! the joy to call thee mine.
For why ſhould doves have more delight,
Than we, my ſweet AMANDA, might;
And why ſhould Larks and Linnets be
More happy, lovely maid, than we?
There the pride of genius blooms,
There ſweet contemplation comes;
There is ſcience heavenly fair;
Sweet philoſophy is there.
With each author valued moſt,
Ancient glory, modern boaſt:
There the mind may revel o'er
Doughty deeds of days of yore;

How

How the mighty warriors ſtood——
How the field was dy'd in blood——
How the ſhores were heap'd with dead——
And the rivers ſtream'd with red;
While the heroes ſouls on flame,
Urg'd them on to deathleſs fame:
Or we view a different age,
Pictur'd in th' hiſtoric page;
Kings deſcending from a throne;
Tyrants making kingdoms groan;
With each care on ſtate ally'd,
And all the ſcenery of pride:——
Or perhaps we'll ſtudy o'er
Books of philoſophic lore;
Read what Socrates has thought,
And how god-like Plato wrote:
View the earth with Bacon's eyes,
Or with Newton read the ſkies;
See each planetary ball,
One great ſun attracting all;
All by gravitation held,
Self attracted, ſelf repell'd:
We ſhall cheat away old time,
Paſſing moments ſo ſublime.
Hail, ſweet Retirement! hail!
Beſt ſtate of man below;
To ſmooth the tide of paſſions frail,
And bear the ſoul away from ſcenery of woe.

O D E

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, 1785.

TUNE, "THAT POWER WHO FORM'D THE UNMEASUR'D SEAS."

I.

SONS of Columbia! all attend,
And give the genius of your land,
The tribute of a ſong;
For now eight ſummers paſt away,
Again returns the glorious day,
When Freedom made us ſtrong.

II.

She warm'd our hearts and arm'd our hands;
Breath'd gen'rous ardour through our bands,
And bade us dare be free:
By her inſpir'd, we ruſh to fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer in her right,
And INDEPENDENT be.

III.

III.

But while with joy the board is crown'd,
O let ſome gen'rous tears flow round,
For heroes great and good:
Who, martyrs in the glorious cauſe,
Their country, liberty, and laws,
Defended with their blood.

IV.

Let not great WARREN's name expire,
While your breaſts glow with living fire,
And ſwell with luſt of fame:
But thro' the track of ages known,
Traſmitted from the ſire to ſon,
Immortal be the name.

V.

Bards long ſhall ſing th' illuſtrious train,
Who ſleep on ABRAHAM's fatal plain,
Near fam'd St. Laurence coaſt:
There to the great MONTGOMERY's ſhade,
Be everlaſting honors paid,
And peace attend the ghoſt.

VI.

Such patriots ſtill to mem'ry dear,
Let CAROLINA long revere:
By whoſe brave fall we riſe.
While joy proclaims, that MOULTRIE bears
Our government; and high he rears
Its fabrick to the ſkies.

VII.

VII.

Thus, long as Time itſelf endure,
Our INDEPENDENCE reſts ſecure,
Nor fears a tyrant's nod.
When the laſt fire involves this ball,
Then, not till then, the cauſe ſhall fall,
Of liberty, and God.

VIII.

Then, as the circling year comes round,
With freedom's choiceſt bleſſings crown'd,
We'll hail th' illuſtrious day:
And every poet ſhall reſume
His annual taſk, in years to come,
To raiſe the votive lay.

ODE.

O D E.

"SAY LOVE, why with ſuch pleaſing ſmart
Such painful bliſs, you throb the heart?
Why do ſuch diff'rent feelings join
To move a ſoul ſo frail as mine?
Say why AMANDA's charms moleſt,
And raiſe ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
Why at her ſight my pulſes ſwell;
My refluent blood in tides rebel;
My bounding heart unruly beat,
And throb ſucceeding throb repeat;
My breaſt alternate fall and riſe;
My breath grow ſhort, ſighs following ſighs;
My every feature ſpeak deſire;
My frame by ſudden tremor ſhook;
I almoſt faint, almoſt expire,
And ſend my ſoul at every look?
Kind gentle God, the cauſe explain;
Relieve my doubts and eaſe my pain."
One day as o'er the flowery mead,
I with a brother poet ſtray'd,
Thus to the god of love I cry'd——
And thus love's gentle God reply'd:——

" O heav'n-lov'd youth! celeſtial Bard,
Thy woes are known, thy plaints are heard;
Well canſt thou ſoar on vent'rous wing,
For thee the gods have taught to ſing;
But to no purpoſe wouldſt thou know,
Why thy AMANDA moves thee ſo,
Since ſmiling heavens thy bliſs ordain,
The fair ſhall burn with equal pain:
Nor ſhalt thou make thy plaintive moan,
Of love-lorn miſery alone."

He drew the bow——unknown to ſave,
And pierc'd my ſweet AMANDA's breaſt:
The pain that fated arrow gave,
In ſweet relief, her lover bleſs'd.

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE.

TO

AMANDA.

I.

SAY my dear maid, can nought expreſs
The pain a tender boſom proves;
Or ſpeak a doating youth's diſtreſs,
When abſent from the maid he loves?

II.

Can language breathe his many ſighs?
Amanda, no. "All words are vain,"
Th' experienc'd ſon of ſorrow cries,
"To ſpeak an abſent lover's pain."

III.

Wilt thou not weep, by pity mov'd,
Reſponſive as my ſorrow rolls?
Wilt thou not ſay, O! beſt belov'd,
That abſence is the death of ſouls?

IV.

Yet ceaſe AMANDA! ceaſe to mourn,
For happier days great Heaven will give——
Thy abſent Arouet ſhall return,
And bleſt in meeting, both ſhall live.

AYDER

AYDER ÁLI.

SEE AYDER, at his army's head,
Bend o'er the field where nations bled!
The bloody fates his enſign bore!
And rivers foam'd with human gore!
Behold, like death, within his hand,
The fatal ſword that drench'd the land!
'Tis thirſty ſtill for warriors blood,
And longs to drink the vital flood.
All bath'd in gore, untaught to yield,
The chieftain thunders thro' the field;
And ſwift impels, with fatal force,
O'er heaps of death, his foaming horſe!
Where'er his ſword the warrior wav'd,
With carnage all the field was lav'd!
And where his deathful armies ſtood,
The plains around them *ſwam in blood.*
Hark! heard you not the horrid moan,
That diſmal, univerſal groan?
The death of nations echo'd round;
And dying millions grac'd the ſound.
Yet, while thy ſwift ſucceſſes fly,
O! AYDER! think THYSELF MUST DIE:
And INDIA, welt'ring in her gore,
Shall bleſs her Gods, when thou'rt no more.

PSALM CXLIX.

SPECIMEN OF THE NEW VERSION.

I.

TO God, the King of Heaven, prepare
The neweſt ſong, the nobleſt air;
And let his crouded churches join
Their chorus in the GRAND DESIGN.

II.

To HIM the tribute ISRAEL gives,
By whom he's form'd, by whom he lives:
And in their king, with chearful voice,
The ſons of ZION ſhall rejoice.

III.

Let them, with ſtately ſteps, advance
His honors in the winding dance;
To praiſe his name, with ſongs conſpire,
The tabret and the tuneful lyre.

IV.

He loves the church, and ever kind,
He ſtill aſſiſts the humble mind:
Then let his joyful people raiſe,
Melodious anthems to his praiſe.

V.

V.

Still ſhall the church his might proclaim,
And ſtill repeat the awful name;
While glitt'ring weapons, double ſteel'd,
Each braver hand with power ſhall wield.

VI.

Thus ſhall they ſpread his glory wide,
O'er all the extent of heathen pride;
And captive kings ſhall own his reign,
In many an iron fetter'd chain.

VII.

His awful will their God commands,
To ſpread o'er all the heathen lands;
But his lov'd ſaints enjoy alone,
Such honors from th' eternal throne.

HYMN.

HYMN

TO THE

SUN.

TRANSLATED FROM OSSIAN.

O THOU that rolleſt on high, *
As round as the ſhield of my fires!
From whence doſt thou beam thro' the ſky,
From whence doſt thou ſcatter thy fires?
The ſtars hide themſelves from the day,
Thou comeſt all beautiful dreſt;
The cold pale moon haſtens away,
She ſinks in the wave of the weſt.
But thou in thy courſe art alone;
Who can thy companion be made?
The oaks of the mountains are gone,
The mountains themſelves are decay'd.
The ocean inconſtant we name;
Ev'n Luna is hidden in night;

But

* This paſſage is ſomething ſimilar to Satan's addreſs to the Sun, in the fourth book of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

O thou, that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads! to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun!——

But thou art forever the ſame,
Forever rejoicing in light.
When earth is all darkn'd with ſtorm,
When lightnings flaſh over the ground;
When thunders the heavens deform,
Thou ſmileſt in beauty around.
But Oſſian no more can behold
Thy beam from the gates of the weſt,
Nor view thy hair ſparkling with gold
That flows on the clouds of the eaſt.
Perhaps thou like me wilt decay,
The ſkies thou ſhalt ceaſe to adorn,
Shalt ſleep in the clouds of thy day,
Nor care for the voice of the morn.
Rejoice then, O Sun! in thy might,
Since age muſt o'ertake thee ſo ſoon;
Unlovely as glimmering night,
As dark as the beam of the moon.
When the moon looks all pale thro' the clouds, †
When the northern blaſt echoes aloud,
When miſt every mountain-top ſhrowds,
And the traveller ſhrinks in the road.

† Thus Virgil:——Quale per incertam lunam ſub luce maligna
Eſt iter in ſilvis; ubi cœlum conditit umbra
Jupiter, & rebus nox abſtulit atra colorum.
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light;
When Jove in duſky clouds involves the ſkies,
And the fair creſcent ſhoots by fits before their eyes.
DRYDEN.

FINIS.